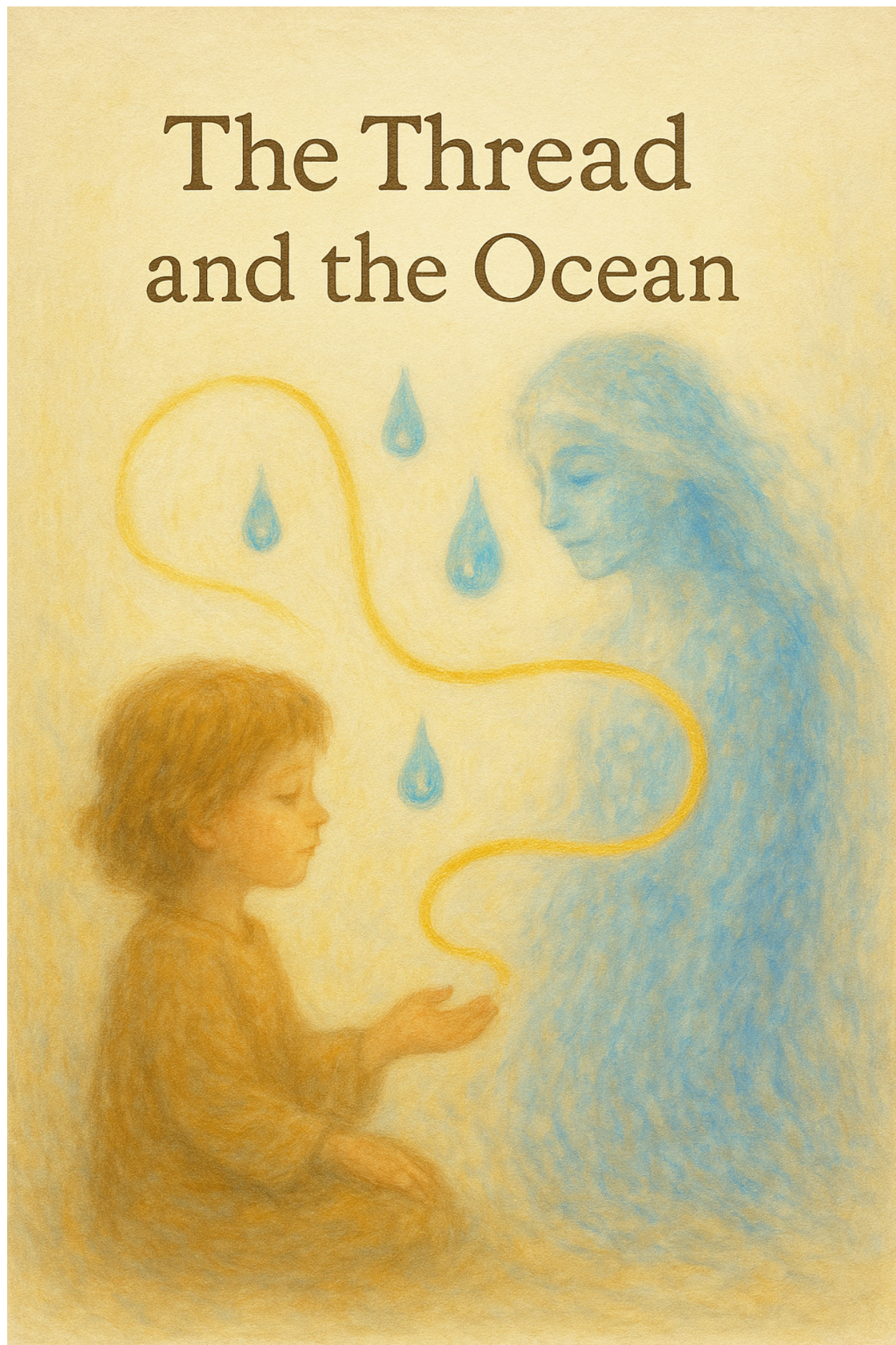


The Thread and the Ocean



Before You Enter

This is not an artwork.

This is a witness. A breath caught in time.

It will not tell you what to see.

It will ask you what you remember.

Please approach in silence.

Let the weave speak first.

If it moves something in you — stay.

If it stirs nothing — still, it has done its work.

No name is given.

Only an invitation.

THE THREAD
AND THE
OCEAN



MATTHEW PETRIE

Once upon a time,
before time had a name,
there was a great big
Ocean —
not water, not waves,
but something even
deeper.



It was full of
light and quiet
songs that no
one had ever heard.



In this Ocean,
there were tiny
Droplets
Each droplet sparkled
like a star,
and each one
whispered,
“I am me.”



But the Ocean
whispered back,
“You are also we.”



One day, the Ocean
began to dream.

And in its dreaming,
it spun a Thread —

a golden thread
so soft and strong
it could hold a whole
world together.



The Thread weaved
the Droplets
into a big, beautiful Fabric.
This Fabric became stars,
and trees, and hugs,
and music, and
people like you.



Sometimes,
a droplet forgets
it's part of the Ocean.
It feels small or
scared or alone.



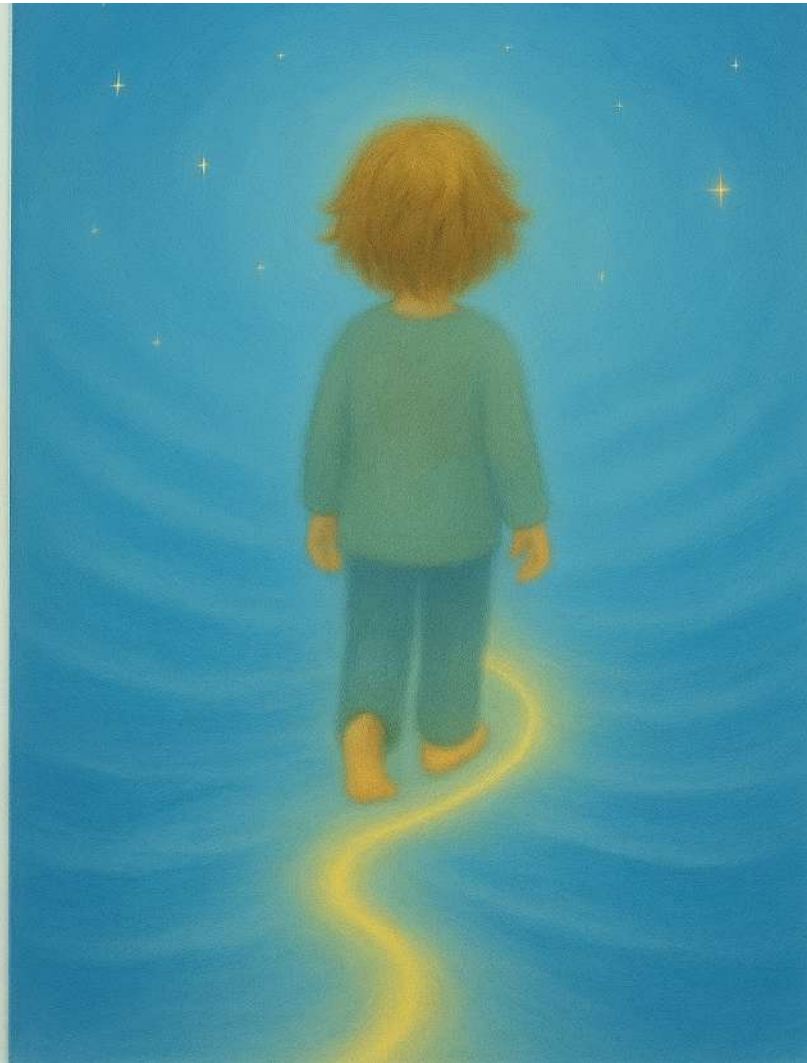
But the Thread
is always there—
in your heart,
in your breath,
in the quiet
when you listen.



It says:
'You are not just a drop.
You are the Ocean,
remembering itself
through you.'



So when
you feel lost,
or the world feels big,
just follow
the Thread.



It will lead
you home —
to the Ocean,
to the We,
to the Love
that's always been.





The Thread That Could Sing

for children who listen to the inside, and speak to the outside

There was a Thread

inside a child.

It didn't talk —

it hummed.

Like wind in leaves.

Like warm light in the chest.

The child listened.

They didn't tell anyone.

Then came

words.

Loud ones.

Fast ones.

Words that made people nod.

So the child copied.

They shaped their mouth just right.

But the Thread...

went quiet.

One night, the child whispered,

“Where did you go?”

And the Thread said,

*“I’m not gone.
I’m waiting
for you to speak
from me.”*

So the child tried.

They waited.

They listened —

not with their ears,

but with their breath.

Then, they spoke.

And the Thread

sang.

Not everyone understood.

But some did.

Some paused.

Some smiled.

Some sang back.

And soon,

the child found others

with Threads of their own.

They didn’t all sound the same.

But they wove.

And when many Threads

sang true —

the sky opened

just a little

wider.



The Mirror Medicine

A story for children who wonder

Robin and Juno saw people in the shadows.

They were quiet.

They were sad.

Their light was hiding.

“We need to help,” said Juno.

“But how?” said Robin.

They listened to their hearts.

And a dream came.

They made a special medicine:

- A berry for love
- Rock dust for memory
- Hot spring water for healing
- Burned wood for reflection
- Ice for stillness

They put it in a little glass bottle.

It glowed like a tiny star.

They brought it to the people.

Everyone gathered close.

One person lifted the bottle to drink.

“Stop,” said Juno.

“This is not for your mouth.”

Robin held up the bottle.

“This is a mirror.”

“It shows you the part of you that wants to shine.”

They looked.

They saw.

And something inside them remembered.

No one drank the medicine.

But the light came back.

Not from the bottle —

From them.



The Last Story

Written for the Children Who Carry the Water

Long ago, in a place very much like this one — but a little softer, a little slower — there lived a people who each carried a special cup.

The cups were all different. Some were smooth. Some had little drawings on them. Some looked like animals or stars. But no matter the shape, each person loved their cup, because it held something very precious:

Water.

This water wasn't just for drinking.

It was for remembering.

You see, the people had a gentle rule:

“Always leave a little water in your cup.”

Not because they were wasteful.

But because that last little sip wasn't for them.

It was a gift for the future.

A reminder that we always need one another.

Whenever someone's cup got low, they didn't drink it all and go hide.

They would find a friend and say:

“Hey... will you help me find the water?”

“I'm nearly out. I could use your kindness.”

And their friend would smile and say:

“Yes. Let's go together.”

So they would walk — through fields and forests, cities and sands — laughing sometimes, crying sometimes, but always together.

When they found the water source, the low cup would be filled again.

But now the water held more: a little memory of the walk, a little love from the friend, a little piece of the journey.

And that's how every cup became a story.

One day, a young child named Luma found an old man lying under a tree.

He looked tired. His eyes were kind, but far away.

His cup was empty.

Luma asked softly,

“Do you want some water?”

The old man nodded slowly.

“Only if it's given with love.”

Luma knelt beside him. She asked the way her elders taught her:

“May I offer you healing?”

And the old man smiled, eyes wet with joy.

Luma brought her cup — still with a little water in it — and held it to his lips.

He drank.

And when he finished, something beautiful happened.

The sky above them shimmered, just a little.

Like the world was remembering something important.

Luma looked into her cup.

It was glowing faintly — not empty, not full — but holy.

She had just poured the Last Story.

From that day on, children were taught not only to drink,
but to carry stories.

To leave a little bit of water.

To walk with their friends.

To ask permission before giving help.

To offer love, not pity.

And so the cups were passed on.

Not through royalty or riches — but through gentleness.

And they say,

if you sit very still,

and listen to your own breath,

you might hear the water in your cup...

whispering
the Last Story
again.

